

# The Old Commonwealth.

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## WORTH OR WEALTH.

"I tell you, no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him—I know him. I know all their dandified jimericks. They hang around a bag of gold as crows do around carrion. I won't have any such thing. Now you know."

"Father, you judge Walter too harshly. He is a good man—honest and industrious and—"

"Industrious say you? I'd like to know what he's got to show for his industry."

"He has a superior education, father."

Education! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education? Can he make money of it?"

"Yes, he can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as clerk."

"And he will earn just enough to keep him in the fine clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father you can do so. I can live alone—shan't live long—you can."

"Stop—stop, father. You have no right to talk so. You know I could not leave you," and Agnes Bremen threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him, and left the room.

"It's curious how these young folks act," the miser muttered to himself, after he had seen his child depart. "There's been twenty of the sharks after that girl—all of 'em hovering around her like man-eaters after a dead body. Don't I know what they want? Can't I see? Ah! can't I, though? It's my money! But Agnes has never loved one of 'em till this Adams came along—the jeknapes! And now she wants to get married at once. Non-sense!"

The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and he saw a drop upon the back of his hand. It was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing on it.

"She cried when she kissed me," he whispered, wiping the tear from his hard hand. "I don't see what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me. But she may have taken it from—"

The old man stopped, and a cloud came over his wrinkled brow. There was a pang in his heart. He remembered the gentle, uncomplaining being who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. He remembered how she became his wife, even when the bloom of manhood had passed from him; how she loved him, nursed him and cared for him, and how she taught her child to love and care for him, too. And he remembered how she had never complained, even while suffering, and how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips, though the gold of her husband brought her no comfort.

Noah Bremen bowed his frosted head more low, and in heart he wished he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his wife. But he could not forget that it had been whispered how his wife might have lived longer if she had had proper clothing and proper medical attention.

"But it would have cost so much! I saved money!"

Ah—the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost.

Noah Bremen had passed the allotted age of man, being over three score and ten, and all his life had been devoted to making money. He had denied himself every comfort, and his heart had been almost as hard as his gold he had hoarded. But as his hair grew more hoary and sparse, and the years grew more heavily upon him, he thought more—reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was doing its mission now, and the pure love of his gentle child was a continual remembrance to him that there were better hoards than his own.

At length the miser rose and passed out from the room. He would have left the hut, but as he reached the little entry-way he heard a voice from the garret. It was his child's. He crept up the rickety stairs and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped toward heaven. And she prayed:

"Oh, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and peaceful! Make me love him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my sainted mother! I promised her I would love and care for him always. Father in heaven, help me, oh, help me!"

The old man crept down the stairs and out of doors, and for a whole hour walked alone among the trees. He thought again of his wife, again of his child, and then of his gold. And this was not the first time he had walked alone there. He did not himself know how great was the influence his child was exerting over him.

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—went long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her cheeks were dry, she came down and got her supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the scanty board heretofore.

A few days after this, as Noah Bremen approached his cot one morning, he heard voices from within. He peeped through a rent in the coarse paper-curtain and saw Walter Adams with his child. Her arm was upon Walter's shoulder and his arm was about her.

Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' schoolmate and her devoted lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was good, and so gentle,

and beautiful. And she loved him not only because he had captured her heart in by-gone time, but because he was, of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

"I cannot leave my poor old father," Walter, the old man heard his daughter say; "I live to love and care for him. It is hard. My heart must break. But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kept."

"And so the great joy-dream of my youth must be changed to this sad reality," exclaimed Walter, sorrowfully. "I cannot ask you to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the truth in you, which I worship, would be a lie could you do so. But I have a prayer—an earnest, sincere prayer. I pray that God in his mercy may remove that curse from your father's stooping form!"

"The curse, Walter?"

"Aye, the gold curse," rejoined the youth fervently. "I hope that God may render him penniless."

"What! penniless?" repeated Agnes, with a start.

"Aye, penniless; for then he would be far more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his sweet Agnes' love; and then the curse might be broken and his heart grow human again. And more than all," Walter continued, twining his arm closely about the fair form of his companion and speaking more deeply, "then I could prove to him my love. Then I could take you to my home, and we could both love and care for him while he lived."

Noah Bremen stopped to hear no more, and, as he walked away, he muttered to himself:

"The rascal! He'd do great things! Me penniless, and he praying for it! The young villain!"

When the old man gained his accustomed walk among the sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though a mote had been blown in there.

Two weeks passed on, and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness to her father grow less.

"O God, help me to love my father," she prayed one night. "Let not my grief make me forget my duty."

And the old man heard it.

One night Noah came home from the city, and in his hand he bore a small trunk. He barred the door, and drew the tattered curtain close.

"See," he said, as he opened the trunk and piled the new bank notes upon the table. "Look there, Agnes, and see how I have worked in my lifetime. I had no education, but I've laid up my money—money—money! How many men would sell me all their brains to-night for this. See—one thousand—two—three—four—five—Count them, Agnes; there's a thousand dollars in each package."

Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made fifty packages.

"Why have you taken it from the bank, father?" she asked.

"To let it, my child—to let it at compound interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling—double it."

And while the old man's eyes sparkled with evident satisfaction, his child wore a sad, sorrowful look. And long after that she sat and looked at the working features of her father, and prayed that the gold-fend would set him free.

When Agnes retired she left her father up; but ere long she heard him put his little trunk away and then go to his bed. And then she slept.

Hark! what sound is that? Agnes starts up in affright and listens. But see! a bright light is gleaming out into the night, and thick volumes of smoke pour into the garret.

"Fire! fire!" sounded a voice from the entry, and she hears the sharp crackling now, and feels the heat. "Agnes, my child!" and in another moment she meets her father upon the stairs. He is dressed, but she is not. "Take your clothing, Agnes, and you can put it on in the entry. The house is all on fire!"

In a few minutes the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former held a small trunk. They gazed upon the burning building, but neither of them spoke.

And others came running to the scene, but no one tried to stay the flames. And the effort would have been useless had it been made for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still—no one would have made the effort, even had success been evident, for the miserable old had too long occupied one of the fairest spots in the village. There were no other buildings to be endangered, so they let the thing burn.

"You have your money safe?" said Agnes.

"Yes. See, I took the trunk. I left the candle burning so that I could watch it. But I got the trunk!" And, as he spoke, he held it up and gazed upon it by the flaming ruins.

"That is not the trunk!" whispered Agnes in affright.

"Not—?" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk. This was only filled with old cards and receipts.

"Ruined! Lost!" groaned Noah Bremen, as he turned from the scattered embers. "I had \$100,000 in that trunk! where is it now?"

"Never mind," said Agnes, winding her arms about her father's neck; "we will be happy without it."

"What?" uttered Noah Bremen, gazing into Walter Adams' face. "Do you mean that you will give me a home, too? That you will provide for me and keep me?"

"Yes," returned the youth hopefully, "I never could be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor old father had no home. Come, we'll live together, and be as happy as the days are long."

"But your salary, young man?"

"Is sufficient for us, sir. I have \$1,000 a year. We can live on that, and lay up something, too."

"Well, well—take her, love her, be good to her, make her happy, don't ever—"

When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from his child's eyes he turned away and walked quietly from the house; but he was not so quick but that he heard the blessing that followed him. And when he walked alone beneath the starry heavens he wiped his eyes, as though something troubled him.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheeks and the smiles were upon her happy face like sunshine, all the day long.

"Do you pray to God to help you to love me now?" the old man asked, after she had lived with Walter some months.

"Why—what do you mean?" asked Agnes, in surprise.

"You used to pray so, for I have heard you," returned Noah.

A moment the young wife gazed into her parent's face, and then she answered while she threw her arms about his neck:

"Oh! I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness; but—I love you! Oh! I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father—he loves you very much, for he has told me so many times."

There was something more than usual in the old man's eyes now.

One evening, as the happy trio sat at the tea-table, Walter looked more thoughtful than was his wont.

"What is it, love?" Agnes asked.

"Oh—nothing," the husband said; "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"

"Only castle building—that's all."

"In the air, Walter?" asked Noah.

"Yes, very high in the air," the young man remarked with a laugh.

"But tell us what it is."

"Well, I'd as soon tell you as not. Mr. Osgood is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in life, and has made a fortune in the business, and he will live now for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all?"

"Yes."

"But what castle in the air is there about that?"

"Oh, that isn't the castle."

"Then what is the castle?" urged the old man playfully.

"Why, simply this," said Walter laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it; "this noon Mr. Osgood patted me on the shoulder and said he, in his usual playful way, 'Walter, I'll sell you all my interest here for \$100,000.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Noah Bremen; "and you thought he was in earnest."

"No," quickly returned the young man. "I did not think that—though I know the other two partners would willingly have me for an associate."

"But it seems to me that old Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high figure."

"Oh, no. It is a very low one. There is a clear capital of \$300,000 in the business at this very moment; and then think of the standing debts and good will which goes for nothing."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed; and then Agnes laughed; and they finished their supper.

On the next evening Walter Adams came in and sank down upon the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated, and his eyes had a vacant wondering look.

"Walter," cried Agnes in terror, "what has happened?"

"He's sick," muttered Noah Bremen without turning round.

"No, no, not sick," returned the young man, starting up; "but I am the victim of some miserable trifling."

"Oh! how so?" asked Noah, turning in his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting room after the rest had gone. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk, saying as he did so: 'Here, Walter, these are yours,' and then he went out. When I had finished my work I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and amounted up in square numbers to 99,875. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two!"

"Well," said the old man thumping his foot upon the carpet, and keeping time with his hands, "I don't see anything very bad in that."

"But I do," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

There was something in Noah's eyes again, but he managed to get it out, and then he spoke thus:

"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover about my child, I believed they were only after my gold; and I know that in most cases I was right. I believed the same of you. I knew nothing but the love of money that could influence human action. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom I had loved and

lost, but, alas, who occupied a place in that love second to my gold. It was for the child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feelings which had been for a lifetime closed up. I heard her pray for me—pray that she might love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful, and I know that I had done it—and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her—help her to what? Help her to love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery with duty to her father, rather than break the duty in union with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer—You prayed that I might be made penniless—stop, hear me through! You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wretch like myself with no money? If it was so then that would break the last layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I gained a glimmering of light—my heart had begun to grow warm—and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed. I went to the bank and drew out \$300,000 in bills. That night my miserable hut was set on fire—or—caught fire. I always think my candle did it. But the old shell burned down, and room was made for a better building. I came out with a wrong trunk and the other trunk was burned up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no, I had that safely stuffed into my bosom and all buttoned up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and had it put with a few shous and more which I had not disturbed. And so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your house and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her—a true and loving child. And now, my boy, I've been doing a bit of work in the dark. I've paid Mr. Osgood \$100,000 in cash for his share in the business, and it all is yours. And let me tell you one thing more, my boy, if your partners can raise \$100,000 more to invest, tell 'em you can put in \$50,000 more at twelve hour's notice. Tell 'em that, my boy! Tell 'em that old Noah isn't quite asore yet. Tell 'em he has found a heart—a heart, my boy! Come here Agnes, come here Walter. God bless you both—bless you both as you have blessed me!"

Nobody pretended that they had motives in the eye now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable.

## Camp-Meetings and their History.

The camp-meeting, which has become an American institution, is so far as all the branches of the powerful and numerous Methodist family and several other religious denominations are concerned, begins about this season of the year. It is purely of American origin. The first camp meeting in the United States was held in 1793 on the banks of the Red river, in Ky. The common idea that it was exclusively of Methodist origin is erroneous.

The manner in which it began was this: There were two brothers by the name of McGee, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist preacher. Being on a religious tour from Tennessee, where the former was settled, to a locality near Ohio, they stopped at a settlement on the river to attend a sacramental occasion with the Rev. Mr. McGee, a Presbyterian. Sermons were delivered on the occasion by the brothers McGee and by three Presbyterian clergymen, and the excitement created seems to have been as great among these present as that which has followed the preaching of Moody and Sankey in England. When the news of the extraordinary movement reached the surrounding country the people having never heard of the like before, rushed in such crowds to the meeting-house that it was immediately overflowed, and the religious services were therefore transferred to the forest. Many came from every direction with provisions and other necessities for encampment, and continued several days, dwelling in tents. Sectarian divisions seemed to have been entirely forgotten in this first camp-meeting. The services were conducted by Presbyterians, Baptists and Methodists. The result was so extraordinary that it suggested another meeting of the kind, and from this unpremeditated beginning, these meetings extended, increasing in power and usefulness, under the special direction of Presbyterians and Methodists. Because of this union of sects in their support they were called "general camp-meetings." At length, however, the Presbyterians gradually retired from the field, but the Methodists carried them into other parts of the country, till they became general in the connection. With more or less effectiveness, they have been continued to the present time.

Camp-meetings were introduced into England by Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an earnest though peculiar Methodist preacher, whose name will be familiar to our older readers. This man, from his eccentricity of manner and dress, was familiarly known in many parts of this country as "Crazy Dow." In spite of contumely and rebuff, frequently from members of his own denomination, and ceaseless dangers and hardships of all kinds, he persevered for nearly 40 years in preaching, traveling over the United States and Canada, England and Ireland. The success of Moody and Sankey in England will not be regarded as unprecedented by those who remember that "Crazy Dow," with an awkward and ungainly person,

a harsh voice, unattractive delivery and illiterate phraseology, had a simple fervor which so supplied the place of eloquence that he seldom failed of having attentive and even enthusiastic hearers. Finding, in 1807, a general religious interest in Staffordshire, England, Dow suggested to the people the plan of camp-meetings. This was immediately adopted and the first English camp-meeting was held. The new plan did not, however, receive the united approval of English Methodists. On the contrary, the Wesleyan Conference in 1807 declared: "It is our judgement that, even supposing such meetings to be allowable in America, they are highly improper in England, and likely to be productive of considerable mischief, and we disclaim connection with them." Their advocates, however, continued to hold them, and in 1810, when the "Primitive Methodists" denomination was organized, it sanctioned the habit of preaching in camp-meetings, as well as in the market-places and on highways.

It is probable that when the camp-meeting was organized its founders had in mind the original simplicity of Christian worship, when the apostles "in sandals and with staff in hand proclaimed the everlasting Gospel" in the wilderness and beneath the shade of trees. They may have also had in remembrance the camp of Israel itself, when from the period of the sojourn in the desert to the crossing of the Jordan, the 12 tribes were formed in 4 great armies, encamping in as many fronts, or forming in squares, with a great space in the rear, where the tabernacle of the Lord, surrounded by the tribe of Levi, was placed. To worship God under the broad canopy of the sky seems to many to bring them into immediate relations with Him of whom it has been said that Heaven is His throne and the earth His footstool, although He condescended to dwell in temples made with hands. Whatever the aim of its originators, the first camp meetings were distinctly primitive, held far from city haunts, the visitors living in tents and sleeping on beds of straw and blankets, their provisions were brought with them, and "boarding tents and refreshment booths" were utterly unknown. The progress of the age, however, has brought changes, and while the devoutness of the worshippers may be as fervent as of yore, there is an advance in the aesthetic of the camp almost as marked as that in church architecture. The grounds in some sections are occupied as a permanent, pretty cottages erected, squares and fountains added to the adornments, the commissary departments as regularly supplied as in an army, and the camp itself has become a favorite summer resort. It does not follow because these movements indicate a departure from the practices of primitive Methodism that the beneficent influences of the camp meeting are in any way diminished. They may indeed reach a larger class of minds than before, and as a contemporary truly says, "To commune in any way with woods and fields should take us 'from Nature up to Nature's God.'"

## The Fever-Tree.

Gen. Brisson writes about the Blue-gum-tree of Australia, sometimes called the fever-tree. "The evidence already adduced is so overwhelming in its favor that it must command itself strongly to the favor of our farmers and tree-planters. It should be given a full and fair trial in all the States. I think it will grow nearly everywhere in the United States, and will thrive luxuriantly in the South. It should be planted at once in all our fever and ague districts, and if it will suck up and dissipate the poisonous vapors lurking in the swamps of Arkansas and other Southern States, it will do a service for America worth millions, and alleviate much suffering as well as save many lives."

JOHN'S ESSAY ON "THE TODE."—Todes is like frogs, but more dignity, and when you come to think of it a frog is vetter. The warts for which todes are noted can't be cured, for they are cronic, but if I couldn't get well I'd stay in the house. My gran-mother knew a tode which somebody had tamed till it was folks. When its master whistled it would come for flies. They catches them with their tung, which is like a long red worm, but more like litten, only litten haunt got no gum on it. The fi will be standin a rubbin his lipe legs to gether and a litten what a fine fit it is, and the tode a settin some distance away like it was a sleep. While you are seen the fi as plain as you ever seen anything, and all at once it aint there. Then the tode looks up at you solemn, out of his eyes, like he said, wats be come of that fi? but you know he et it.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.—The remains of three ex-Presidents, says the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, rest in Tennessee—Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson. Five—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler—repose in Virginia. Two—John Adams and John Quincy Adams—in Massachusetts. Two—Van Buren and Fillmore—in New York; William Henry Harrison, in Ohio; Zachary Taylor, in Kentucky; Pierce, in New Hampshire; Buchanan, in Pennsylvania, and Abraham Lincoln in Illinois. In all we have had eighteen Presidents, filling twenty-two Presidential terms of four years each, of whom only the present incumbent survives.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

## For the Ladies.

Madras plaids are greatly worn. All styles of fictions are fashionable. Bows have taken the place of buttons on dresses.

The knife-pleated linen collars are still popular.

The fronts of basques are all longer than the backs.

Laces and fringes are the only trimmings now used for silks.

Kuife pleatings are used on all materials, either thick or thin.

Waiteau plaits are coming up again, particularly for party costumes.

It is said that combination suits will be worn all the next Fall and Winter.

Bustles are made as narrow as possible, and now very few are worn at all.

Lama lace sacques and mantles are the only wraps for Summer weather.

A linen suit of gray and blue is cool and dressy for morning and street use.

The fashionable color for stockings this dusty weather is dirt color without stripes.

Striped and plaid collars and cuffs are more stylish when worn for traveling purposes.

A dressing lingerie to wear with handsome visiting suit is Valenciennes, slightly ruffled.

The foulard calico suits are very popular and cool, and they are very dressy for breakfast use.

For Summer ball dresses white muslin, trimmed with black velvet, are very popular and simple.

Batiste embroideries, consisting of inserting and borderings, are shown in ecru, brown, gray and blue.

Pearl jewelry and embroidery for weddings are much used. It is now put on slippers and the wrists of gloves.

## A Fall of Ashes.

During the past winter attention was directed in Norway to the falling of dust from the atmosphere, which at first was supposed to be of meteoric origin; but Professor Kjerulf decided that it was more likely to have been disseminated from some active volcano. The precise source was unknown; but from the direction of the wind, and the known conditions, it was suspected that some volcano in Iceland was concerned. This surmise has been confirmed by the more recent advices from that country, which report a very remarkable series of volcanic phenomena, first commenced by earthquakes, then followed by an eruption accompanied by dust and ashes. On March 23 the fall of the ashes was so excessive that it covered the eastern country-sides, Jökuldal, especially, with a coat six inches in thickness, and all that day, although it was bright and sunny, the people were in absolute "pitch" darkness. Fountains and rivulets were dammed by the ashes, and every mountain stream ran dark and muddy between banks covered with drifts of ashes. The farmers fled out of the ashecovered country-sides with their cattle, in search of pastures not yet destroyed by the *scoria*, but with what chance of saving their live stock does not appear. There is no calculating the extent of this calamity, nor its effect upon the habitable portions of Iceland, although from present appearances it threatens to be extremely widespread.

## Studying Natural Philosophy.

Old Keyser found Cooley's boy standing in a very suspicious position under his best apple tree, with a stick in his hand, and a certain bely appearance about his pockets. Having secured him firmly by the collar, Keyser shook him up a bit, and asked him sternly what he was doing there?

"Ain't a doin' nothin'," said Cooley.

"I came over yer to study."

"That's entirely too thin," exclaimed Keyser.

"Yes, I did; I came over yer to study about Sir Isaac. We had it in our lesson. He was in an orchard and saw an apple fall, and that made him invent the 'fraction of gravitation; and I came yer to see if it was so."

"It won't do, sonny," said Keyser.

"You are too enthusiastic about Sir Isaac; and, besides, what were you going to do with that stick?"

"With this stick. This yer stick? What was I goin' to do with this stick? Why, a boy gave me this stick to hold for him while he went on an errand for his aunt."

And where did that apple core come from there on the ground?

"That apple core? That one lying there? The birds is awful on apples this season. I saw a blackbird drop that there, an' I says to myself, them birds is ruinin' Mr. Keyser's apples."

GOSPEL.—There is one social dishonor about which no one thinks it worth while to say much in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversation, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if happily a high sense of honor were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

A correspondent suggests that the thing that will make a boy yearn for the resumption of study has at last been discovered. It is rolling a baby around in a wagon while a base ball match is being played.

## Young Mechanics.

There is no class of community upon whom the future welfare of the country more essentially depends than upon the rising generation of young mechanics. If they are intelligent, sober, industrious, and consequently independent, able and accustomed to judge for themselves, and governed in their conduct by an enlightened view of this sort, the mechanics, and especially the young mechanics, will form in conjunction with the young farmers of the country, a bulwark against monopolies and corrupt politicians and save the republic.

If, on the other hand, they are ignorant, idle, dissolute and consequently proud, and dependent upon those who are willing to trust them—if our mechanics should unhappily become such a class—they would soon be converted into the mere tools of a few artful men, who, having first stripped them of every sense of self-respect and every feeling proper to virtuous citizens, would use them as passive instruments for promoting their ambitious projects, and for the enactment of laws which are beneficial to nobody but the artful few and base demagogues with whom they originate. It is true of the mechanical arts as of any other profession, that "knowledge is power."

LEXAPH OF ROOTS.—The nature of the soil has much to do with the number and length of roots. In light, poor soil, roots of June grass are found four feet below the surface. The people are apt to under-estimate the length, amount and importance of the finer grasses, wheat, oats, etc. A young wheat plant when pulled up only shows a small part of its roots. They often go down four or six feet, or more. The roots of a two year old peach tree in light soil were found seven feet one inch long. In dry, light soil one parsnip three feet and a-half long has been found. Of course smaller roots went down still further. The noted buffalo grass on the dry Western prairies is described in the agricultural reports at Washington as having very short roots; but it has been found that the roots go down as far as seven feet. The roots grow best where the best food is to be found. They grow in greater or less quantity in every direction. If a root meets with good food, it flourishes and sends out numerous branches. Roots do not search for food, as vegetable physiologists now understand it. Many of the smaller roots of trees die every autumn when the leaves die, and others grow in spring.

GREENHORN IRE.—"Dear Editor: In reading fashion articles I have frequently come across the word 'jabot.' Be good enough to tell, and most likely some of your other readers, what a 'jabot' is. But please don't make fun of my inquisitiveness." Answer:—Dear Ike, We have all along expected a question of this kind, and so have been reading up and making personal observations. A "jabot" is an article of ladies' attire, used at the neck when a pointed standing collar is worn, so that she can jabot in your eye if you go fooling around there. If you think of snarling around a girl with one of those things on, better provide yourself with a tin helmet or an iron pot for protection.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I always mane to do my duty. 'I believe you,' replied his employer, 'and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year.' 'I thank your honor,' replied Pat; 'and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally.'"

Concerning "hollering in meeting, Aunt Judy, an old colored woman said to one of her sisters:—"Tant de true grave, hollers; Tant de sure glory." You hollers too loud. When you gits de dove in your heart and de lamb in your bosom, you'll feel as ef you was in dat stable in Beth'lem, and de blessed Virgin had lent you de sleeping baby to hold."

Pat bought a sheep's head, and was writing down the recipe for cooking it, when the dog made off with it. Pat gave chase, shouting, "Come back wid me shape's head, ye robber ye," but after a stiff run he had to cave in, but consoled himself with the remark:—"Never mind; he hasn't got the recipe."

A young man asked for a copy of Homer's "Odyssey" at a bookstore in Norwich, Conn., the other day, and the clerk not finding it, remarked in a reflective way: "Well, we haven't any of Homer's latest works in at present."

A subscriber writes to an editor in the West: "I don't want your paper any longer." To which the editor replies, "I would not make it any longer even if you did; its present length suits me."

The worst case of selfishness that ever has been presented to the public, emanated from a youth who complained because his mother put a big-eyed mustard plaster on his brother than she did on him.

Nevada papers say that propositions of marriage out there are written on postal cards, and the answer comes by return mail: "Come on with your preacher!"

How to prevent strikes—catch hold of the fellow's arm when you see him putting himself into position.







## OLD COMMONWEALTH.

Harrisonburg, Va., Aug. 26, 1875.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

C. H. VANDERFORD.

PRINTED AT THE STORE OF LONG & SHENKLE, South of the Court-House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements: Five lines for the first week, and ten for each subsequent week.

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## BREVITIES.

Dr. T. N. Sellers announces himself in this issue a candidate for re-election to the House of Delegates.

Rev. Mr. Martin, of Woodstock, preached morning and evening in the Presbyterian Church here last Sunday.

The post office will be removed about the 1st of September to the room adjoining B. D. Avis' drug store, formerly occupied by Mr. Avis.

The office of Adam's Express Company will be removed shortly from Masonic Hall to the new building of Hon. John T. Harris, on west side of Court House Square.

Among the under graduates at the Virginia Agricultural College who received certificates of distinction, was T. H. Hardy, of Rockingham.

The Clara Wideman Troupe opens this week in Cincinnati. It goes from there to Baltimore, and in October or November will play in Harrisonburg.

The barn of Julian Pratt, near Waynesboro, including wheat, corn, rye, oats, horses, &c., involving a loss of \$4,000, was destroyed by fire recently.

Among the aspirants for the House of Delegates from Augusta, we see the names of N. F. Blakemore, of Sangersville, and John N. Clark, of Mt. Solon.

The reunion of the first, second, third and fourth regiments Virginia Militia, takes place to-morrow at Triggers' Springs, near New Market.

A party of gentlemen from Pennsylvania, typists on the Carlisle and other papers, arrived here on Monday evening. They are on a pleasure trip to the Valley.

Mr. Jacob Weiss, of McGeheysville, recently bought of Mr. Geo. W. Rosenberger, near New Market, a Cotswold sheep fifteen months old, which weighed 217 pounds.

The Sovereign Council of the Sons of Jonadab determined, at its last meeting, held in Providence, R. I., last week, to hold its next meeting—August, 1876—in Harrisonburg.

Great improvements in our side-walks are being made in various parts of the town. The Council should stir up the property holders on South Main street. The walk is full of holes, making it dangerous for pedestrians.

Maj. Borst, of the Washington, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad, returned from a visit to the Works in North River Gap and Highland county on Saturday. He reports work going on finely.

The report that twelve convicts had escaped from the works on the W. C. & St. L. R. R. proves to have been unfounded. As far as we can learn the convicts are well satisfied at the change from the cells.

Capt. M. M. Sibert is enlarging his plaster mill, near the depot in this place. The addition is to be 28x33 feet, in which machinery will be put for grinding bark.

Gov. Kemper and family passed through Harrisonburg on Thursday evening last on their way to Rawley Springs. The Governor expects to return this evening and will remain in town to-night.

Gabriel Monroe and Amanda Jane Pollard left for Richmond on Tuesday, escorted by Deputy Sheriff Royer and Policeman Kelley. They will stop at the Penitentiary, the former for one year for larceny, and the latter for four years for infanticide.

The Baltimore Bulletin, speaking of Staunton's action in regard to Mr. Hambleton's bid on the water-works, says the place has two redeeming features—a reliable graveyard and a lunatic asylum. It regrets that the walls of the latter don't enclose the whole town.

Policeman Kelley and Williams raided upon a party of our colored fellow-citizens, who were creating a disturbance at a dance, and lodged them in jail on Thursday night last. They were fined \$7.50 each—total \$32.50. The price for one night's lodging at the jail exceeds that charged at our most fashionable summer resorts.

MEETING OF THE COUNCIL.—The Council met on Tuesday evening—present, Mayor Hyde, Recorder Bryan, and Councilmen Gay, Harrison, McAllister, Paul and Shacklett.

A letter was received from Jos. T. Logan, resigning his position as Councilman. His resignation was accepted, and James A. Hutchenson was elected to fill the vacancy.

James O. A. Clary presented an application for the position of Chief of Police. The election of a chief was postponed until November.

Geo. O. Conrad, from the Board of Trustees of the Public Schools, made a statement of the financial situation and showed that more money was needed to have good schools and to continue them for nine months. The present levy for school purposes will not realize more than enough to keep the schools open for five months. The Council took no action in the matter, on account of there not being sufficient members of the Council present.

B. F. Miller, after stating the wretched condition of the sidewalk on North Main street, asked for a plank walk. No action was taken.

Four More Houses.—Capt. Warren S. Luty has contracted with W. S. Braithwait & Sons for the erection of two frame houses in the northern part of the town, on the street running beside Capt. Luty's residence. They are to be frame, 17x23 feet, each house to have an L.

Mrs. John Kelley is having two frame houses built on Main street, near the depot.

In addition to these there are several houses undergoing such thorough repair and remodeling as to be, when completed, almost new houses.

SCALDED.—On last Thursday, Little Charlie, aged about two years, son of James A. Hatcheson, residing on Slate Hill, West Market street, was badly scalded by drawing a cup of scalding hot water off of a table near which he was standing. Medical aid was summoned promptly, and the little fellow will recover, though probably scarred by the burn.

## BRIDGEWATER LOCALS.

The Sunday School picnic, held on Saturday last, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind we ever attended. The day was an auspicious one, and everything combined to render the occasion pleasant. The picnic was held about a mile from town, on the Mt. Crawford road, whither the children marched in procession. The day was spent in singing, addresses, &c. After dinner there was a match game of base ball between the Mutuals of Bridgewater and Pleasant Valley Club, which resulted in a score of 33 for the Mutuals, to 23 for the Pleasant Valley Club.

Our Normal School is about closing its session. The examinations of the teachers will be held to-day and to-morrow, August 28th and 29th, and the closing exercises will be held on to-morrow (Friday) night. To-night a festival will be held, at which all the delicacies of the season will be supplied in great abundance, the proceeds to be applied toward painting the school building and purchasing seats for it. Besides the festival there will be a musical and dramatic entertainment.

## MT. CRAWFORD ITEMS.

Pursuant to notice, on Friday evening last, Messrs. Bunch and Hyde, of Staunton, re-organized Mt. Crawford Division No. 13, Sons of Temperance, with some twelve or fifteen charter members. The following officers were chosen for the quarter ending September 30th—W. P. Wm. R. Ellis; J. W. P. P. Austin Blackley; Chap. John Foley; Asso. W. Dean; R. S. R. M. Mooney; A. R. S. W. S. Coffman; J. S. Josiah F. Crawl; T. C. Dean; C. M. Dean; A. C. Geo. Fisher; I. S. D. Landes; O. S. John May; Trustees, C. Dean, John Foley and J. F. Crawl.

We have now three Temperance organizations in the most temperate village in the Valley, but as these are largely under the influence of an agrarian spirit, and in the struggle for Temperance Hall, may neglect temperance principles; it would be well to have a lodge of Rechabites and a detachment of women under the command of Dr. Dio Lewis, to hold the field till the property contest is decided.

There was a base ball and basket-swinging picnic between this place and Bridgewater on Saturday last. It had been previously announced as a picnic of the Methodist Sunday Schools of both places; but this was measurably ignored, even during the delivering of an able and entertaining address by Rev. Mr. Maury.

The base ball fever has reached us—resulting in the formation of a Club, the name of which has not been made public. And now, "Old Town Ball," with all the delightful memories of our youth clustering around it, must yield to modern innovation, and take its place among the things that were.

But, despite the enthusiasm of the boys, old fogies persist in saying that if the same efforts were bestowed on the various wood piles, better practical results would be attained.

D. A. Plecker advertises for a key carried off by burglars, who entered his office and iron safe; and threatens exposure and eternal disgrace to the quiet parties if it is not returned forthwith.

(Correspondence of the old Commonwealth.)  
MT. CRAWFORD, Va., Aug. 23, 1875.

MR. EDITOR.—In perusing your valuable paper of the 12th inst., I found where a correspondent at Mt. Crawford had informed you of the fact that there is a flourishing Lodge of Good Templars at that place numbering sixty-five members, and they can get enough Christians to make a Chapter. Your correspondent is either ignorant of the facts in the case or has willfully misrepresented our lodge, and cast a reflection upon many of our good members, as we have in our Lodge members in good standing of four different branches of the Christian church, any one of whom would make a good Chapter; but we are willing to admit, if the whole sixty-five members were Christians of the same type of Hoover, your correspondent, we would not have enough of the right sort of Christians to make a Chapter, and we would have to go to the mountains. We all know Hoover. R. M. MOONEY.

It is natural for people suffering from Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint or any derangement of the digestive organs, such as Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Habitual Costiveness, palpitation of the Heart, pains at the pit of the Stomach, Yellow Skin, Coated Tongue, and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, &c., to put off from day to day buying an article that they know has cured their neighbor, friend, or relative, yet they have no faith in it until it is too late. But if you will go to your druggists, Orr & Sison, Harrisonburg, Va., and get a bottle of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER your immediate cure is as certain as you live. Sample bottles of this medicine can be obtained for 19 cents to try its superior virtue.

Regular size 75 cents. Try it, two doses will relieve any case.

NOTICE.—Wishing persons suffering with diseases of the eye and ear to avail themselves of the opportunity, I will state that Dr. Ralph Walsh, Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear in the Washington Department of Georgetown College, is now at Rawley Springs. He will remain about a week, and those desiring his services can see him at the Springs. J. N. GORDON, M. D.

Durand's Rheumatic Remedy never fails to cure all forms of Rheumatism.

The Kansas City, Mo., Times has information of the killing of Col. Wheeler, a wealthy Texas cattle dealer, by cattle thieves. The thieves ran off some 400 or 500 of his cattle in Texas and he, with four herders started in pursuit, hoping to get reinforcements, but came upon the thieves before obtaining assistance, and in a fight was killed while the others were getting away.

It is said that the New Jersey and New York railroads owe the Erie road \$30,000, and has refused to pay it. Erie, therefore, seized two cars of the former road at Long dock, and tore up the other companies' track at Hackensack Junction, N. J. There was great excitement, but the police force from Jersey City preserved order.

Two men jailed for outrage in Pensacola, Fla., were taken out and lynched Saturday morning before day.

## IT IS TOO FREQUENTLY THE CASE FOR PAPERS OF A LOW ORDER OF INTELLIGENCE TO RIDICULE THE COLLEGE GRADUATE AS A HELPLESS AND USELESS INDIVIDUAL. MR. AVERY, OF YALE, HOWEVER, GRADUATED ONLY A MONTH AGO, AND ALREADY HE HAS SECURED A POSITION OF TRUST AT A SALARY OF \$3,000 A YEAR. IT IS AS PICHIER OF A BASE BALL CLUB.

The rapid decline in the Mississippi river has relieved the overloaded cotton above Memphis, and some of the planters whose cotton was in water say they will make two-thirds of a crop if the season is propitious, and that the damage to the plant is comparatively light.

Hon. Jefferson Davis has received invitations from Des Moines, Iowa; Charleston, Ill., and other points in the West, to deliver the annual addresses at the meetings of their several agricultural societies this fall.

The clerk of the first Indian Peace Commission says it can be proved that \$2,000,000 have been stolen by the Indian ring on the one article of beef alone at the Sioux agencies.

Valentine, the artist, has nearly completed a bust of the late Geo. E. Pickett, which is regarded by those who have seen it, as Pickett's second self.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.  
230 West Baltimore Street, near Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.  
Full and Complete Catalogue of all the Goods, Wares, and Merchandise, at Wholesale and Retail Prices, for the Trade and the Public, sent by mail, on application, to the Editor of the Old Commonwealth, Baltimore, Md.

EVERYBODY INVITED TO CALL AND EXAMINE! THE LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK OF GENTS' & BOYS' CLOTHING, EVER OFFERED IN BALTIMORE.

One Price Cash Clothing House, 184 W. Baltimore St., BALTIMORE, MD.

BRANCH OF ROGERS, PEET & CO., 487 Broadway, New York.

Manufacturers, Wholesalers and Retailers.

FINE CLOTHING.

EMIL FISHER, CHEMICAL SCOURER, (The original importer of this industry.) ALSO AGENT FOR THE NEW YORK DYEING ESTABLISHMENT, 139 West Fayette Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

Worth calling the attention of his customers to the fact that it would be greatly to their advantage to bring their goods to the above establishment, as it is done in New York and takes the length of time. Goods are forwarded three times a week, and will be promptly returned. Also, every article of wearing apparel CLEANED in the very best manner, and at the shortest notice.

It has been for the last twenty-one years, and will always be, my aim to give perfect and entire satisfaction to all.

Parties residing at a distance from the city can forward their goods by express, and have them returned in the same way.

WAR BULLETIN.

PASSENGERS for the West from Harper's Ferry, Winchester and the Valley will save money by going via Washington and Baltimore and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

From Washington or Baltimore to  
PITTSBURGH.....\$5.00  
PHILADELPHIA.....5.50  
NEW YORK.....6.00  
BOSTON.....6.50  
CINCINNATI.....5.00  
INDIANAPOLIS.....7.00  
COLUMBIA.....5.00  
ST. LOUIS.....10.00  
CHICAGO.....10.00

Ample time allowed to make the journey at the above rates.

T. THOMPSON, S. D. DEFOUD, D. M. DOYD, Gen. Agents, S. E. 2d St. Baltimore, Md.

ALVA HUBBARD & CO., No. 36 North Howard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

Manufacturers and Dealers in  
HOT-AIR STOVES, RANGERS, FIRE-PLACE HEATERS, FINES, GRATES, &c., &c.  
PUMPS AND PLUMBING A SPECIALTY.  
Estimates promptly made.

ST. CLAIR HOTEL, W. H. CLARAUGH,.....PROPRIETOR.

MONTMONT SQUARE, Baltimore, Md.

UPTON W. DORSEY, Chief Clerk.

DISOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

GASSMAN, TREIBER & CO., J. GASSMAN & BRO. The partnership heretofore existing under the name of Gassman, Treiber & Co., and of J. Gassman & Bro., has this day been dissolved. Geo. W. Gassman retiring from the partnership.

Geo. W. Gassman will conduct the business as partners in future. All debts due to and from the partnership will be settled with them.

J. GASSMAN, GEO. W. GASSMAN.

1875-1876

At Eshman & Oestreich's

NEW FURNITURE CLOTHING HALL, SPOTSWOOD HOTEL BUILDING.

Where you can find the best and cheapest goods ever brought to this market.

Clothing at All Prices and Qualities.

Nice Cashmere suits, very low; Worsted coats and Vests; to please all; the best French Mareilles Vests, white and fancy; Boy's Clothing in great variety and very cheap; Men's Evening Gowns, full assortment; latest style Hats, in fur, wool and straw. Also, Fine, Boys, Suspender, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, Perambulators, Gloves, Socks, Pocket-books, Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, &c., &c., including every article to be found in a first-class Clothing Store, and all will be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Call and see for yourself, and you will save money by so doing.

Look Here!

WILL TRADE good and valuable LANDS, located in the State of Iowa, or West Virginia, for property in the State of Virginia, Washington City or Baltimore City—either Real Estate or Personal Property.

CLASS OF FRUIT JARS: 2,000 LBS. WHITE SUGAR; 2,000 LBS. BROWN SUGAR; 2,000 LBS. CORN MEAL; 2,000 LBS. RICE; 2,000 LBS. BEANS; 2,000 LBS. LENTILS; 2,000 LBS. PEAS; 2,000 LBS. POTATOES; 2,000 LBS. ONIONS; 2,000 LBS. CARROTS; 2,000 LBS. CELERY; 2,000 LBS. CABBAGES; 2,000 LBS. BRUSSELS SPROUTS; 2,000 LBS. CAULIFLOWERS; 2,000 LBS. BROCCOLI; 2,000 LBS. ASPARAGUS; 2,000 LBS. PEAS; 2,000 LBS. LENTILS; 2,000 LBS. BEANS; 2,000 LBS. POTATOES; 2,000 LBS. ONIONS; 2,000 LBS. CARROTS; 2,000 LBS. CELERY; 2,000 LBS. CABBAGES; 2,000 LBS. BRUSSELS SPROUTS; 2,000 LBS. CAULIFLOWERS; 2,000 LBS. BROCCOLI; 2,000 LBS. ASPARAGUS; 2,000 LBS. PEAS; 2,000 LBS. LENTILS; 2,000 LBS. BEANS; 2,000 LBS. POTATOES; 2,000 LBS. ONIONS; 2,000 LBS. CARROTS; 2,000 LBS. CELERY; 2,000 LBS. CABBAGES; 2,000 LBS. BRUSSELS SPROUTS; 2,000 LBS. CAULIFLOWERS; 2,000 LBS. BROCCOLI; 2,000 LBS. ASPARAGUS; 2,000 LBS. PEAS; 2,000 LBS. LENTILS; 2,000 LBS. BEANS; 2,000 LBS. POTATOES; 2,000 LBS. ONIONS; 2,000 LBS. CARROTS; 2,000 LBS. CELERY; 2,000



